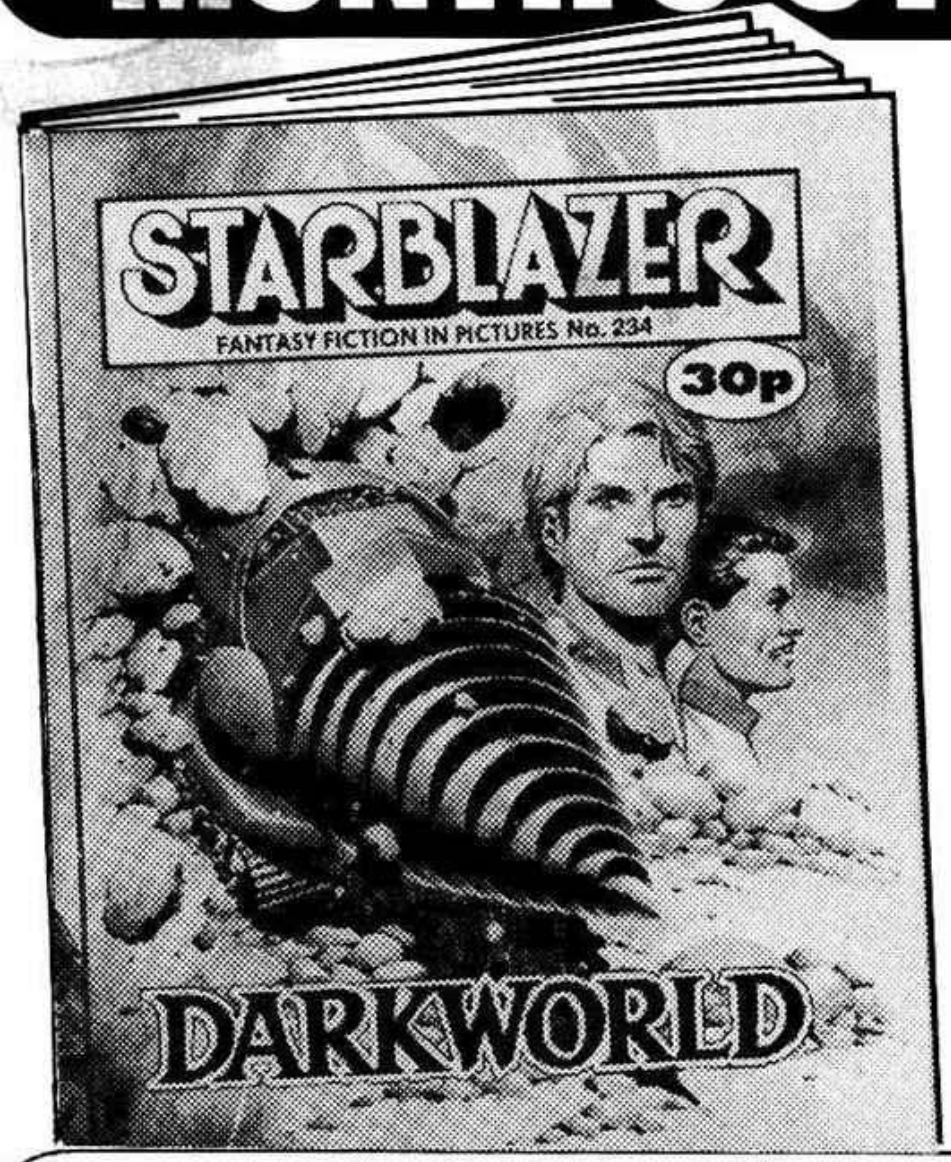
STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 235

30p

TIME SLIP

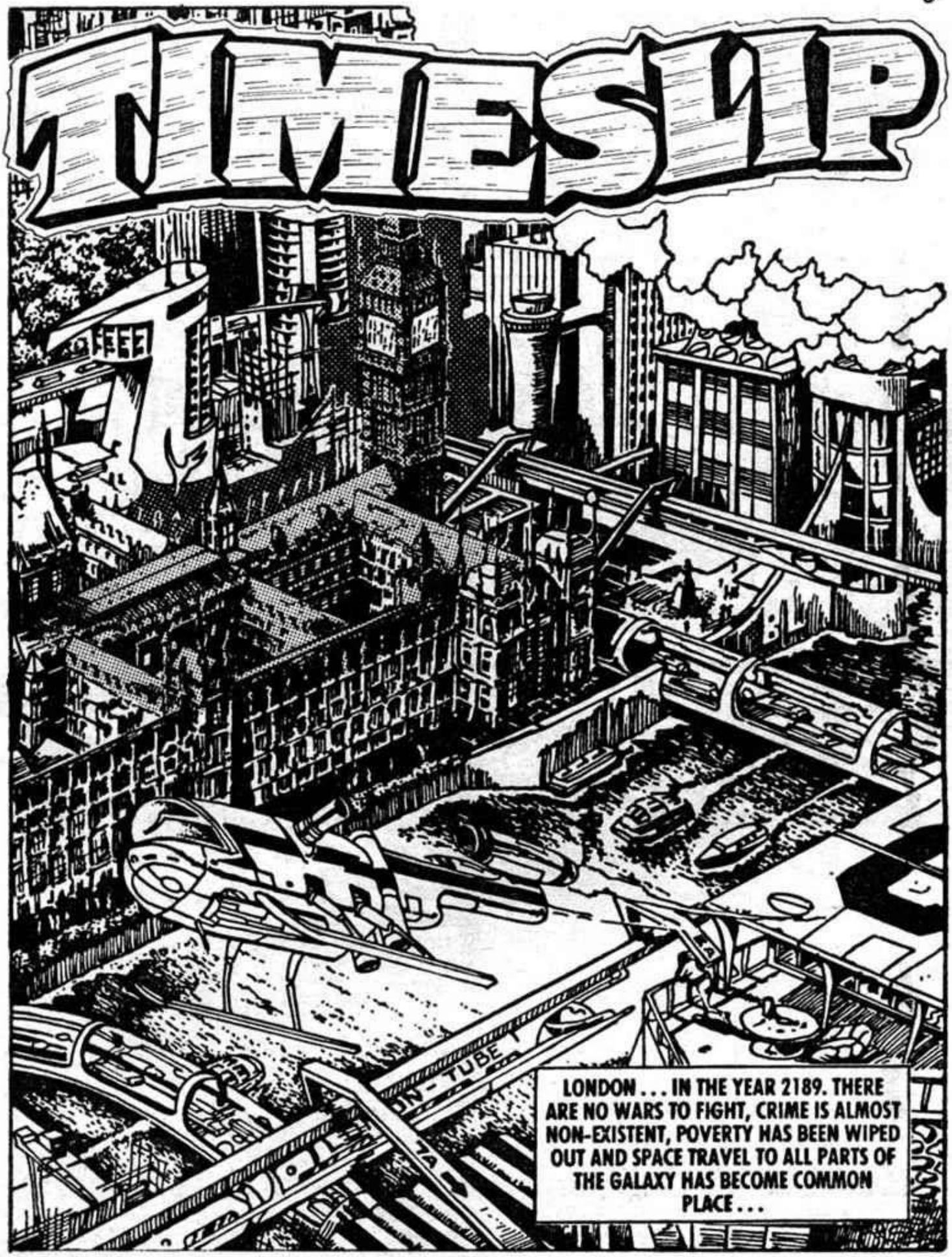
DON'T FORGET THIS MONTH'S OTHER



NOW ON SALE

Have you missed a copy of Starblazer? Well, we can prevent it happening again — with an annual subscription. All you have to do is write for details to STARBLAZER SUBSCRIPTIONS, D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., BANK STREET, DUNDEE DD1 9HU. enclosing an SAE for your reply.

TIMESLIP


LONDON . . . IN THE YEAR 2189. THERE ARE NO WARS TO FIGHT, CRIME IS ALMOST NON-EXISTENT, POVERTY HAS BEEN WIPED OUT AND SPACE TRAVEL TO ALL PARTS OF THE GALAXY HAS BECOME COMMON PLACE . . .

BUT ALL WAS NOT PEACEFUL.
A GROUP OF BORED YOUTHS HAD
RECREATED A CULT OF THE 1980'S . . .
ANARCHY!
SKINS RULE!
. . . THE CULT OF THE BOVVER BOYS!

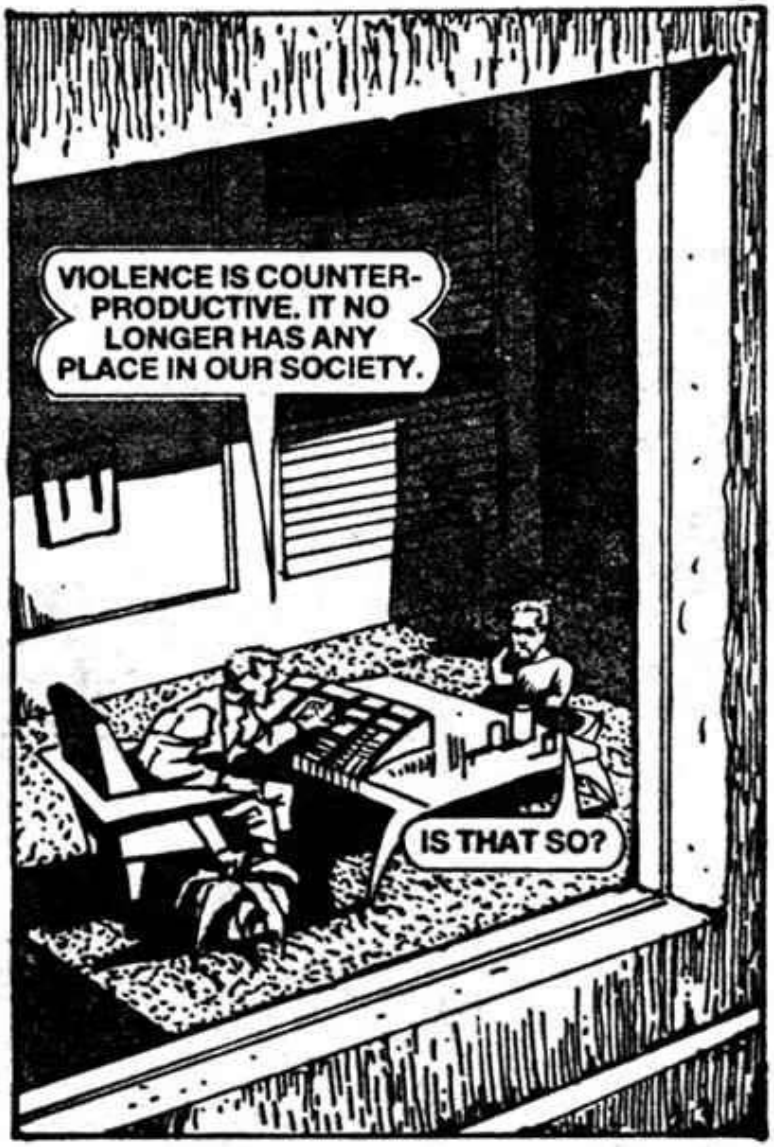
THE BOVVER BOYS WERE SOON
OVERCOME BY A COUPLE OF LONDON
BOBBIES ARMED WITH SLEEPMAKER
GAS CROWD CONTROL WEAPONS.
RIGHT, LET'S GET THE WAGON
OVER HERE AND TRANSPORT
THIS LOT TO THE
REHABILITATION CENTRE.

BUT ONE OF THE BOVVER BOYS ESCAPED.
IT WAS THEIR LEADER, WHO CALLED
HIMSELF LINDSAY "DOC" MARTIN . . .
PHEW! IT'S A GOOD JOB
I HELD MY BREATH . . .
UNLIKE THOSE SILLY
TWITS BACK THERE!
COME BACK, DOC!
IT'S ALL OVER!
NO, IT ISN'T!

COME QUIETLY, MARTIN.
SAY HELLO TO MY HEAD!
THE METROCON* DREW HIS STUN GUN AS DOC TURNED TO HIM.
YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE NOW, MARTIN.
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S IN TROUBLE!
OH, YEAH?
METROCON — METROPOLITAN POLICE CONSTABLE.

THE SERGEANT CARRIED A NON-REGULATION WEAPON IN HIS POCKET . . .
WHEN ALL THE HIGH-TECH EQUIPMENT FAILS . . .
HYDE PARK
IT WAS SOMETHING THAT RIGHTFULLY BELONGED IN THE POLICE MUSEUM AT OLD SCOTLAND YARD.
. . . THERE'S ALWAYS MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S TRUNCHEON!

PRISONS WERE THINGS OF THE PAST. NOW THERE WAS ONLY THE SOCIO-REHABILITATION CENTRE AT NEW BRIXTON — STAFFED BY PSYCHIATRISTS. IT WAS WHERE THOSE WITH A CRIMINAL BENT WERE STRAIGHTENED OUT TO BECOME MODEL CITIZENS . . .
. . . AND IT WAS HERE THAT DOC MARTIN FOUND HIMSELF—


VIOLENCE IS COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE. IT NO LONGER HAS ANY PLACE IN OUR SOCIETY.
IS THAT SO?

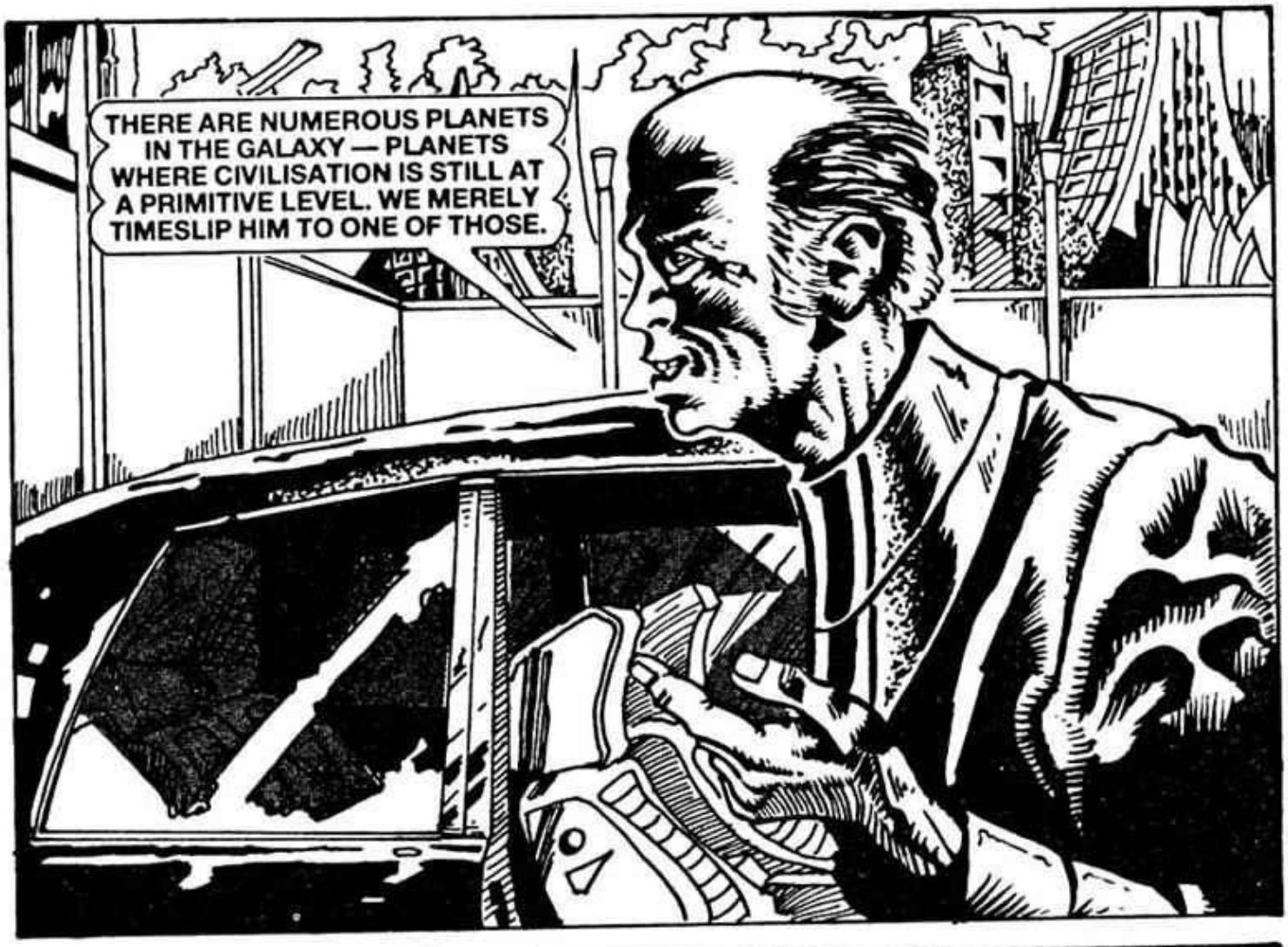
LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING ON THE HOLO-CORDER.

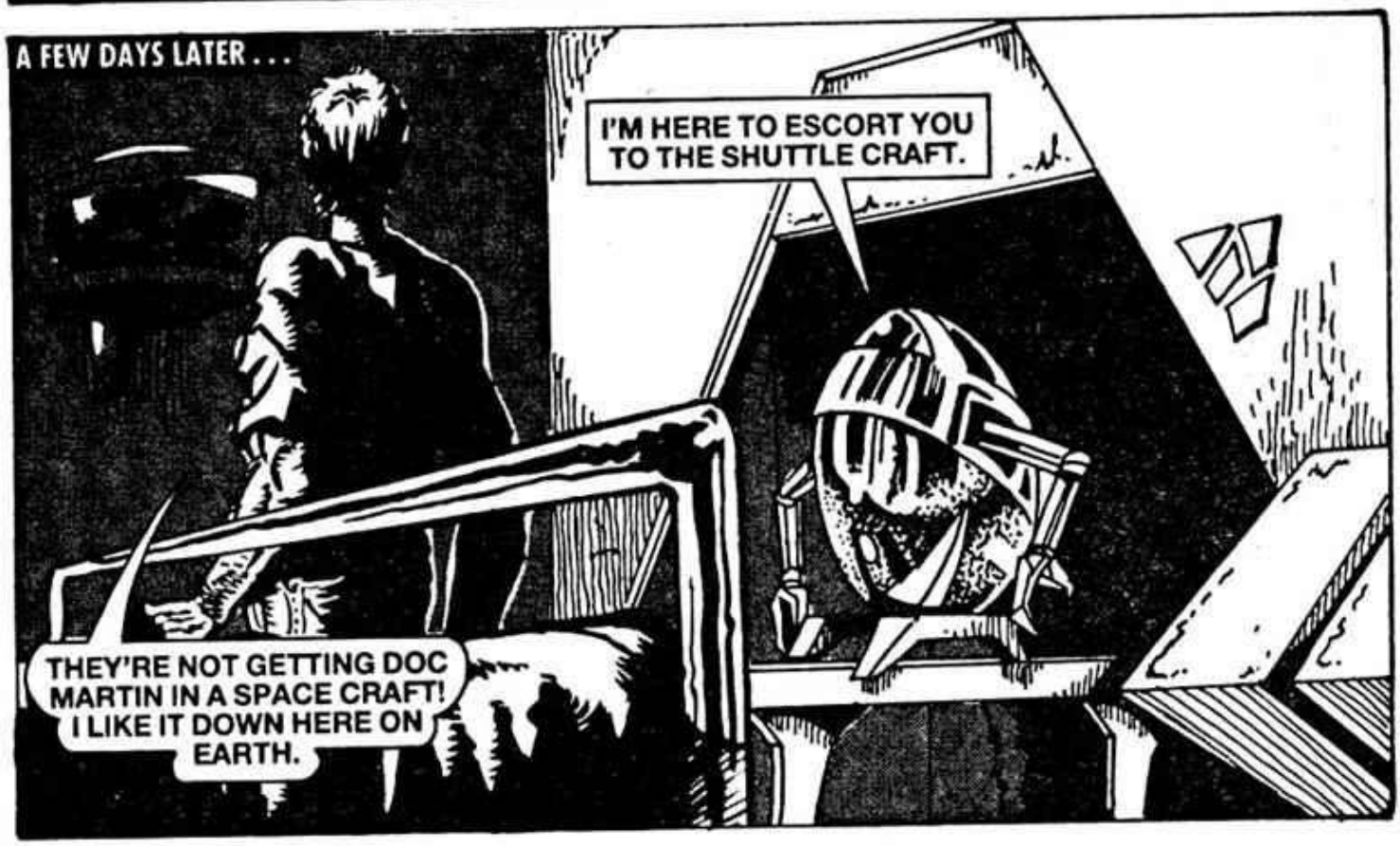
A HOLOGRAM IMAGE APPEARED. ITS PURPOSE WAS TO RELAX THE PATIENT.
I WANT YOU TO SIT AND LOOK AT IT FOR A WHILE.
WHAT FOR? IT'S STUPID!

IT WILL HELP TO SOOTHE YOU AND REMOVE THOSE AGGRESSIVE FEELINGS YOU HAVE. JUST TRUST ME AND DO AS I SAY.
ALL RIGHT!

DOC KNEW THERE WAS NO POINT IN ARGUING WITH THE PSYCHIATRIST WHO WOULD REMAIN CALM — NO MATTER WHAT THE PROVOCATION . . .
JUST RELAX! YOU'RE AMONGST FRIENDS HERE . . . WE JUST WANT TO HELP YOU TO ADJUST.
BUT THEN, NO-ONE COULD ANNOY AN ANDROID!
THIRTY MINUTES LATER . . .
HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, MR MARTIN?
I FEEL LIKE I WANT TO THROTTLE THAT THING!
THEY SAY YOU HIT PEOPLE WITH YOUR HEAD . . . WHAT SORT OF PLEASURE CAN YOU GET OUT OF DOING THAT?
THIS SORT . . .
. . . AND DOC ENJOYED HIMSELF.

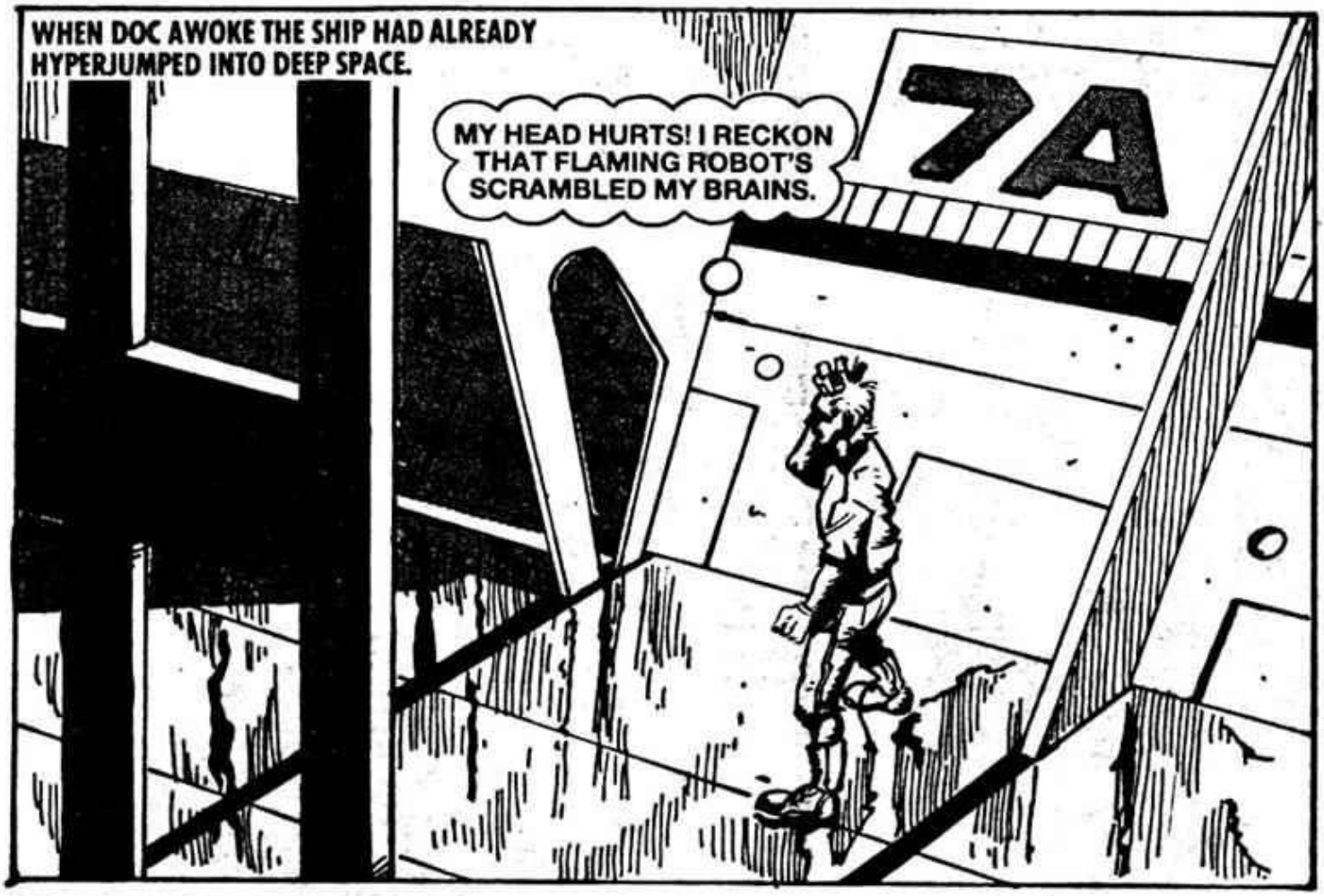
LATER . . .
I FEAR MARTIN HAS NOT RESPONDED TO OUR DE-AGGRESSION THERAPY. HE TAKES OBVIOUS PLEASURE IN USING VIOLENCE . . . MY CIRCUITS TOOK A SEVERE SHOCK.
WHAT'S HIS I.Q. SCORE ?
TOO LOW FOR THE TREATMENT TO WORK! HIS MEAGRE INTELLECTUAL ABILITY MAKES IT VERY DIFFICULT FOR US TO RE-TRAIN HIM.
I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT. MARTIN IS AN IDIOT . . . AND THAT'S BEING CHARITABLE. BUT WE HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM FOR YOU. HE'S TO BE TIMESLIPPED.
BUT WHO WOULD TAKE HIM?


THERE ARE NUMEROUS PLANETS IN THE GALAXY — PLANETS WHERE CIVILISATION IS STILL AT A PRIMITIVE LEVEL. WE MERELY TIMESLIP HIM TO ONE OF THOSE.


A FEW DAYS LATER . . .
I'M HERE TO ESCORT YOU TO THE SHUTTLE CRAFT.
THEY'RE NOT GETTING DOC MARTIN IN A SPACE CRAFT! I LIKE IT DOWN HERE ON EARTH.

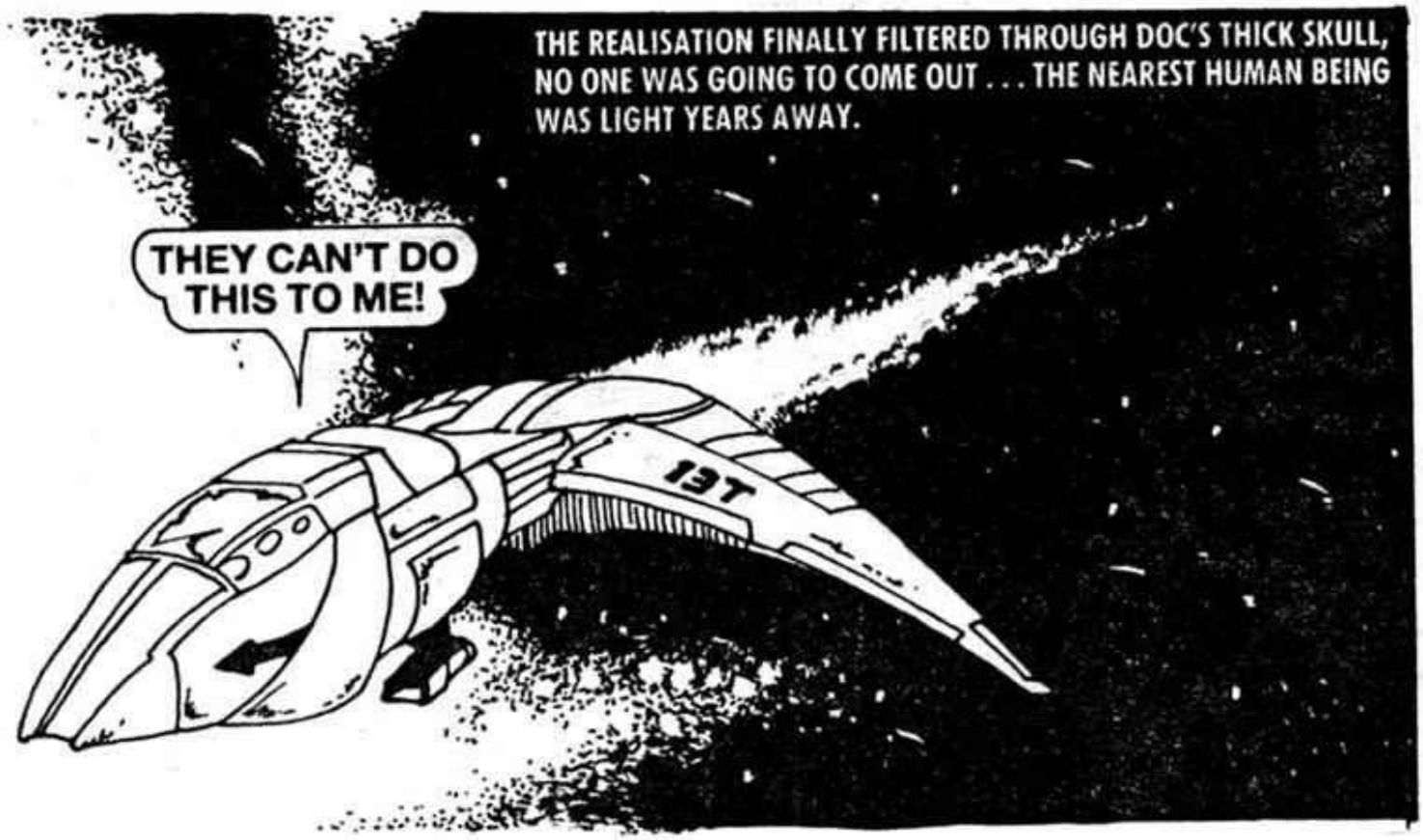
I AM SIMPLY CARRYING OUT THE ORDERS OF THE GREATBRIT CENTRAL GOVERNMENT. ANY RESISTANCE WILL SERVE NO USEFUL PURPOSE.
LAY OFF, CANHEAD!
TO DOC, RESISTANCE WAS A WAY OF LIFE . . . AND HE RESPONDED AUTOMATICALLY IN THE ONLY WAY HE KNEW HOW.
I WARNED YOU!

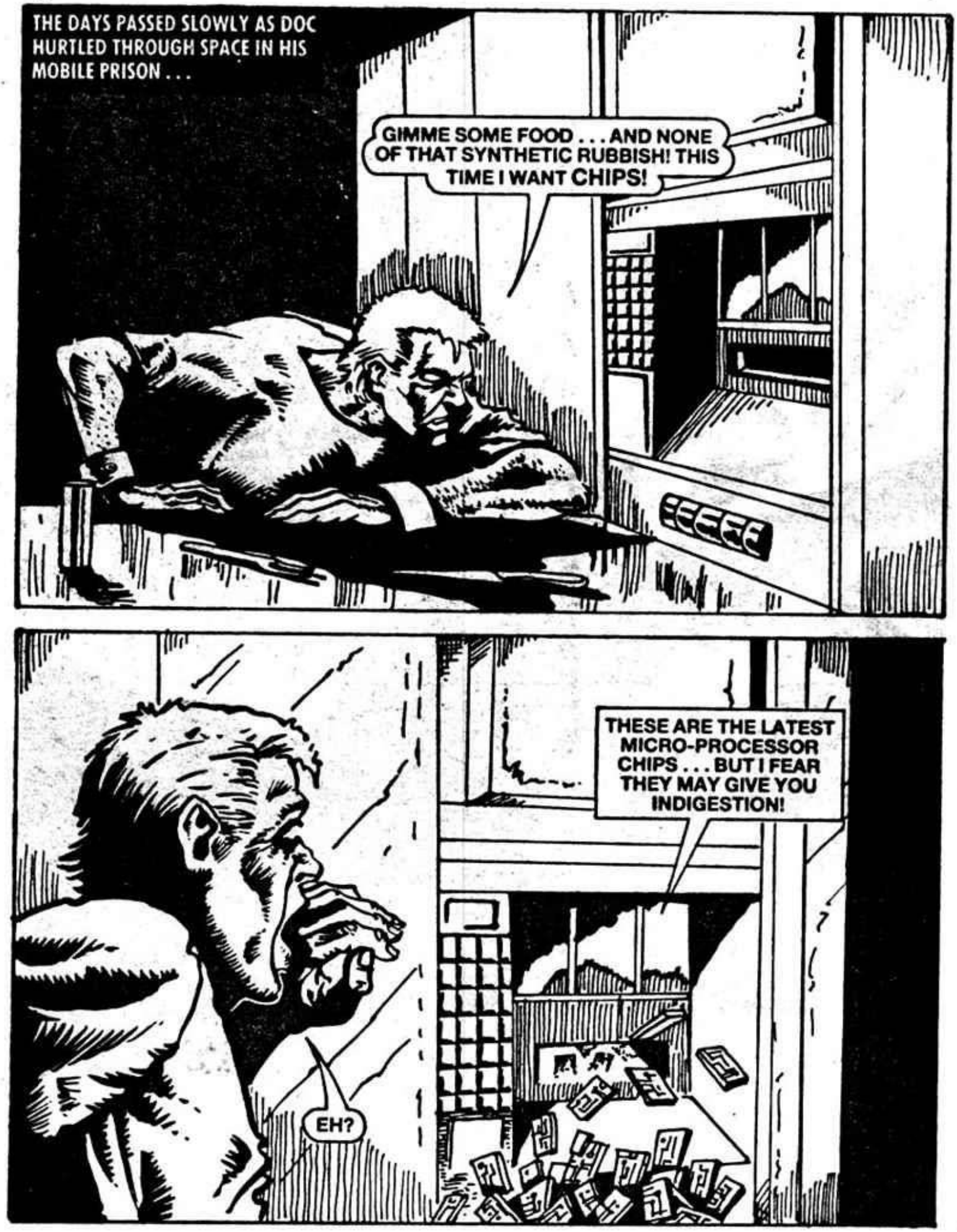
SHORTLY AFTER —
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
THE MEGA-MORON TRIED TO HEADBUTT A TUNGSTEN ROBOT!
PILOT
HOVER


WHEN DOC AWOKE THE SHIP HAD ALREADY HYPERJUMPED INTO DEEP SPACE.
MY HEAD HURTS! I RECKON THAT FLAMING ROBOT'S SCRAMBLED MY BRAINS.
7A

I'LL STICK TO NUTTING HUMANS . . . AND I'LL START WITH THE PILOT OF THIS SHIP. HE'S GONNA GET A BUSTED NOSE IF HE DOESN'T TURN THIS THING ROUND AND HEAD BACK TO EARTH.

BUT . . . !
WELCOME ABOARD! THIS SHIP IS ON AUTOMATIC COMPUTER CONTROL. THE FLIGHT PLAN HAS BEEN SET AND LOCKED . . . AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.
EH?
THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE WAS ALONE DROVE DOC TO PANIC.
COME OUT, YOU COWARDS! SHOW YOURSELVES! I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE!


THE REALISATION FINALLY FILTERED THROUGH DOC'S THICK SKULL, NO ONE WAS GOING TO COME OUT . . . THE NEAREST HUMAN BEING WAS LIGHT YEARS AWAY.
THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
13T


THE DAYS PASSED SLOWLY AS DOC HURTLED THROUGH SPACE IN HIS MOBILE PRISON . . .
GIMME SOME FOOD . . . AND NONE OF THAT SYNTHETIC RUBBISH! THIS TIME I WANT CHIPS!
EH?
THESE ARE THE LATEST MICRO-PROCESSOR CHIPS . . . BUT I FEAR THEY MAY GIVE YOU INDIGESTION!

THEN . . .
DINK!
YOU ELECTRONIC CRETIN!
ATTENTION! WE ARE APPROACHING OUR DESTINATION. FOR YOUR INFORMATION THIS IS AN EARTH TYPE PLANET DESIGNATED SYGMA 334 IN THE GALACTIC ORDNANCE STAR MAP. THIS WILL BE YOUR PERMANENT HOME FROM NOW ON.

HAVE THEY GOT BOOZE AND GIRLS DOWN THERE?
I DO HAVE SOME TECHNICAL INFORMATION ON THIS PLANET . . . BUT A PERSON WITH YOUR LOW INTELLIGENCE WOULD NOT COMPREHEND IT.
OH, YEAH? AND WHAT IF I DON'T WANT TO GET OFF THIS SHIP? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THAT, EH?
A HATCH SLID OPEN AND DOC SAW A FAMILIAR FIGURE . . .
PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO HIT ME AGAIN?

DOC WAS GENTLY DEPOSITED ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE —
I'LL BE BACK! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF DOC MARTIN!

SUDDENLY DOC REALISED HE WAS NOT ALONE. STRANGE FIGURES HAD BEEN WATCHING FROM THE FOREST, AND NOW THEY EMERGED —
IT HAS HAPPENED! JUST LIKE THE WISE ONE SAID! THE ONE FROM THE SKY! HE HAS COME TO SAVE US!
WHO . . .? YOU SPEAK ENGLISH!

WHAT IS THIS ENGLISH? HOW CAN YOU SPEAK OUR TONGUE?
MY BRAIN'S IN OVERLOAD!
AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PLANET EARTH, DOC'S BEHAVIOUR WAS HARDLY DIPLOMATIC!
WE HAVE DISPLEASED HIM!
JUST THEN . . .
FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES! THE GROTHS ARE HERE!

THE ALIENS FLED BACK INTO THE FOREST, A QUICK WITTED PERSON WOULD HAVE FOLLOWED THEM . . . BUT DOC WAS NOT NOTED FOR HIS QUICK WITS.
HERE! WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHAT MANNER OF STRANGE CREATURE IS THIS?
HE IS NOT A PRIMITIVE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE SO UGLY!

LET'S TAKE HIM BACK TO OUR CAMP! HE WILL MAKE A GOOD SLAVE!
HOI! LEAVE OFF!
WITH A JERK DOC PULLED THE GROTH FROM HIS MOUNT. THE OTHERS LOOKED ON IN ASTONISHMENT — NO ONE HAD EVER DARED RESIST THEM BEFORE!
WHAT THE . . .!!!!?
BUT THEIR ASTONISHMENT DIDN'T LAST VERY LONG!
KILL HIM!
NO! HE SHOWS SPIRIT! LEAVE THIS ONE TO ME!

I WILL TEACH HIM WHO IS THE MASTER!
IS THAT RIGHT?

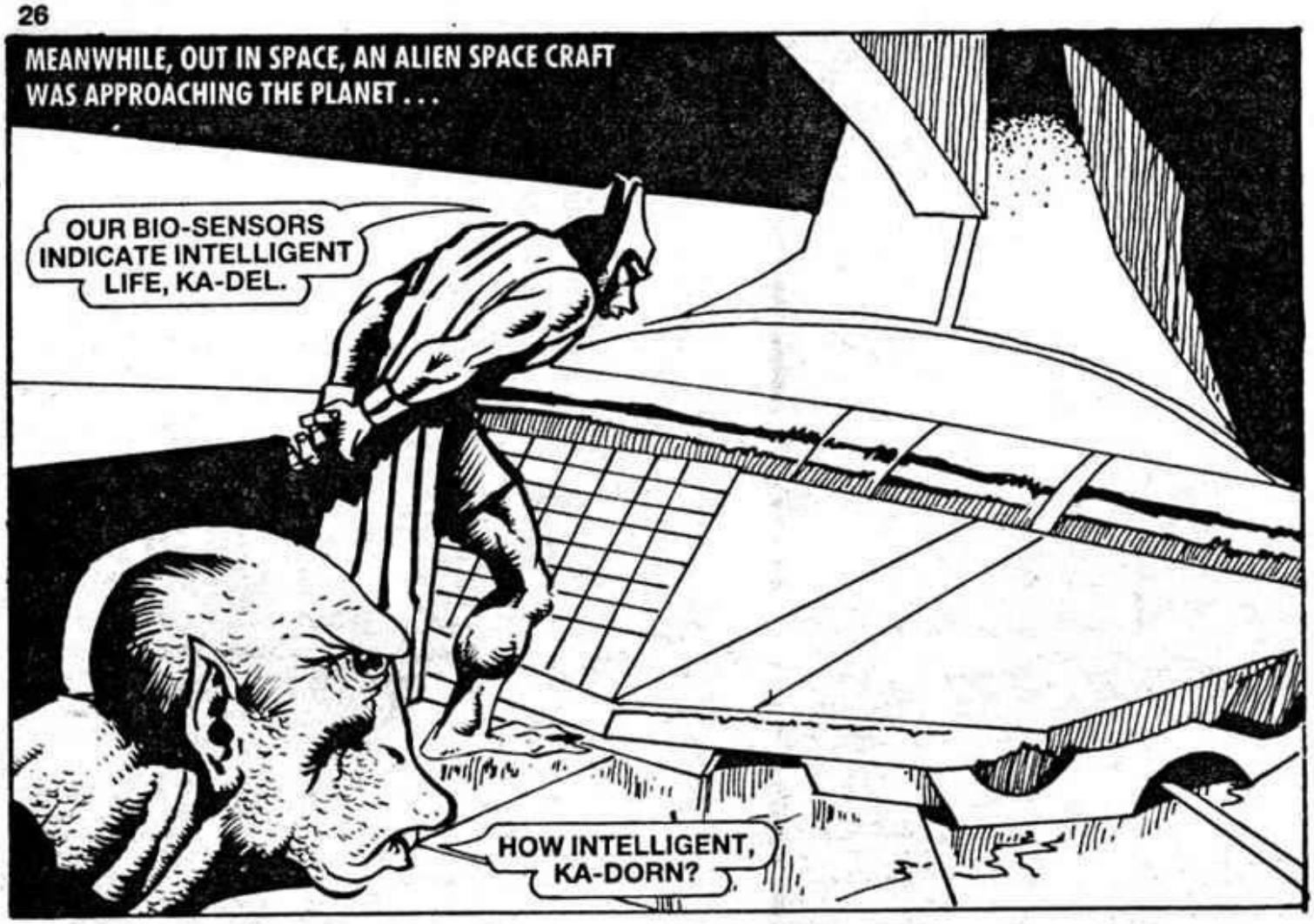
DOC HAD AN I.Q. SLIGHTLY LOWER THAN TWO SHORT PLANKS OF WOOD . . . BUT WHEN IT CAME TO FIGHTING HE WAS A GENIUS!
I RECKON I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS PLANET!

COME ON . . . WHO'S NEXT FOR A BIT OF AGGRO! I COULD TAKE THE LOT OF YOU ON WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND MY BACK!

DOC'S ANTICS AMUSED THE GROTHS, BUT THEY WERE IMPATIENT TO GET BACK TO THEIR CAMP.

IS IT NOT PROPHESIED THAT THE CHOSEN ONE WILL DEFEAT THE GROTHS?
THAT IS CORRECT! AND IT MUST THEREFORE MEAN HE IS STRONGER AND BRAVER THAN THEM!

WHICH MEANS HE DOES NOT NEED OUR HELP!
IN THAT CASE WE MAY AS WELL GO HOME. HE WILL BE BUSY KILLING GROTHS, AND WE DON'T WANT TO GET IN HIS WAY.


MEANWHILE, OUT IN SPACE, AN ALIEN SPACE CRAFT WAS APPROACHING THE PLANET . . .
OUR BIO-SENSORS INDICATE INTELLIGENT LIFE, KA-DEL.
HOW INTELLIGENT, KA-DORN?

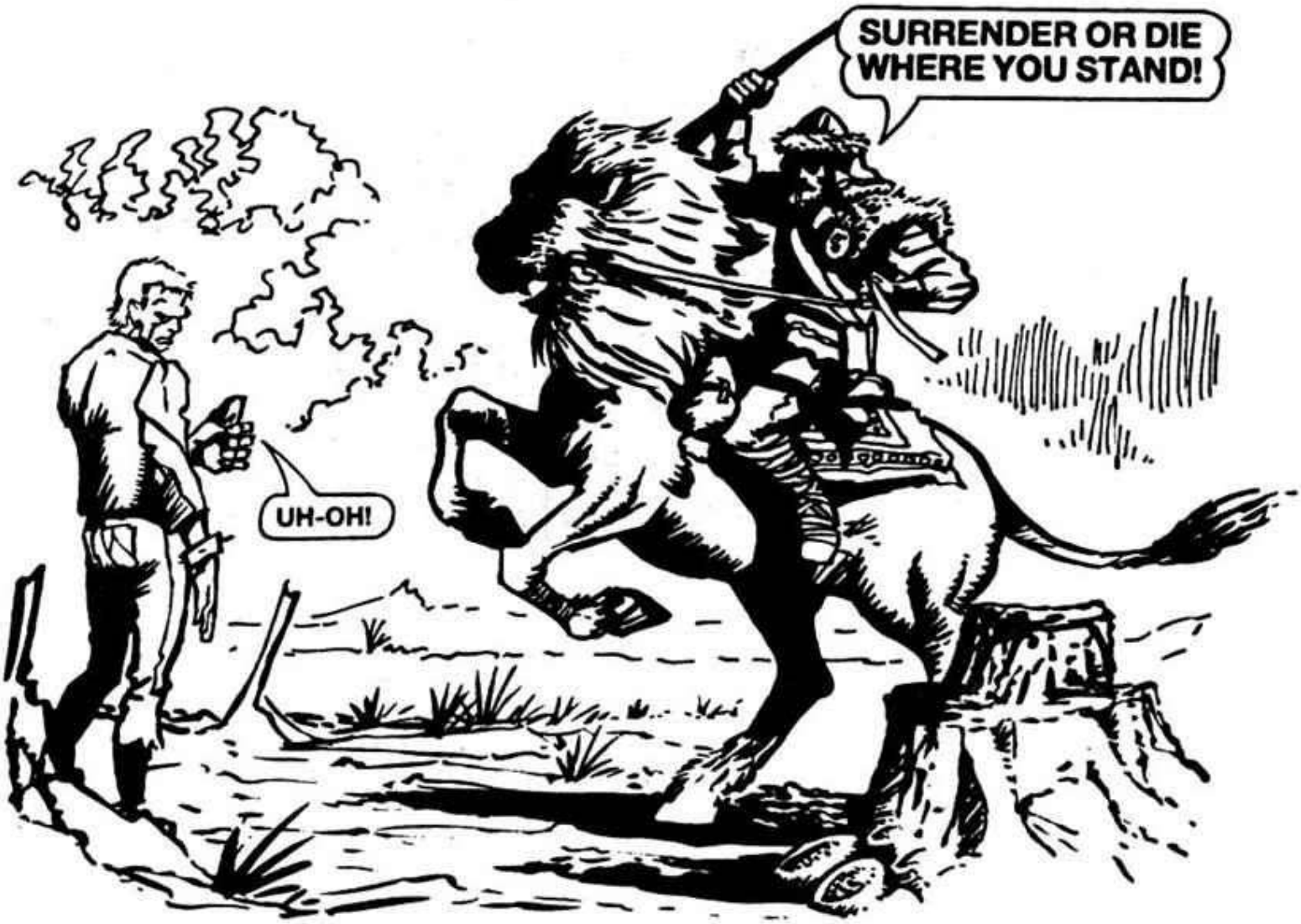
I'D SAY THE BEING WE HAVE MONITORED WAS ABOUT AS INTELLIGENT AS A TRYLORIAN DUNGWORM!
HAD THEY BY CHANCE PICKED UP DOC'S BRAIN IMPULSES?

LET US TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.
I WILL PREPARE THE SHUTTLE FOR LANDING.
DOWN BELOW . . .
HE WILL DIE SLOWLY!
MAYBE . . . BUT IT WON'T BE QUIET!

AT THAT MOMENT THE ALIEN SHUTTLE APPEARED —
WHAT CAN IT BE?
THE GROTHS DIDN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT —
FLEE! IT IS AN OMEN!
THE GODS ARE ANGRY WITH US!

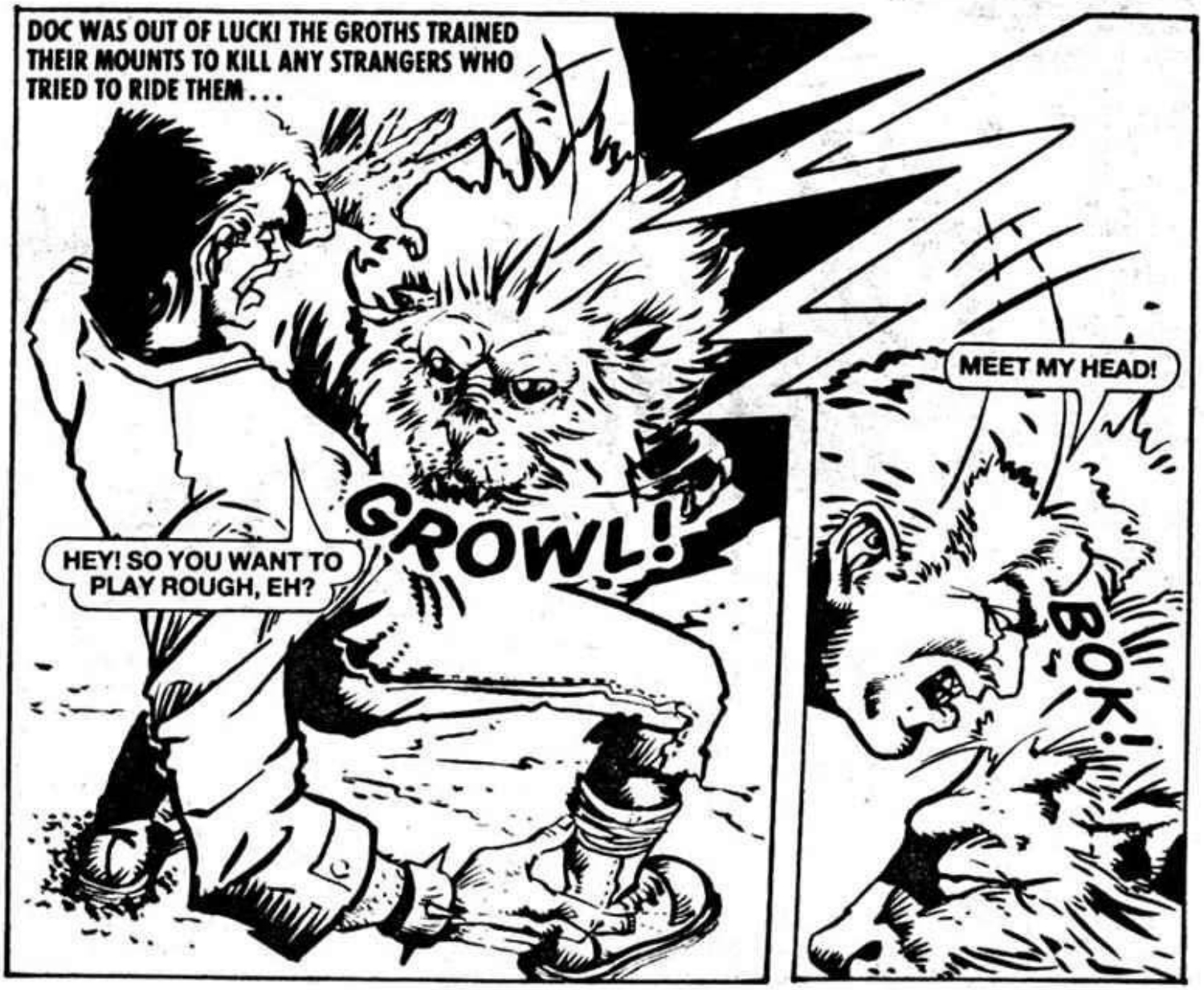
A SHIP! THEY MUST HAVE CHANGED THEIR MINDS AND RETURNED TO TAKE ME BACK TO EARTH!
DOC NOTICED SOME SMALL ROCKS NEARBY. THEY HAD SHARP EDGES AND SOMETHING UNUSUAL HAPPENED — HE HAD AN IDEA!
I CAN USE THOSE SHARP ROCKS TO CUT MYSELF FREE!

BUT...
I HAVE LOST MY PRISONER!


SURRENDER OR DIE WHERE YOU STAND!
UH-OH!

THE ROCK DOC HAD USED TO CUT HIS BONDS WHISTLED THROUGH THE AIR AND HIT THE GROTH — DEAD CENTRE!
DUNT!
I'VE BEEN CHUCKING STONES SINCE I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD! ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A JUVENILE DELINQUENT, MATE!
COR! THIS THING'S A REAL MEGA-ANTIQUE! BUT I RECKON BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS! NOW FOR SOME TRANSPORT.

EASY, BOY! YOU'VE GOT A NEW MASTER NOW . . . ME! SO DO AS YOU'RE TOLD AN' WE'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE!

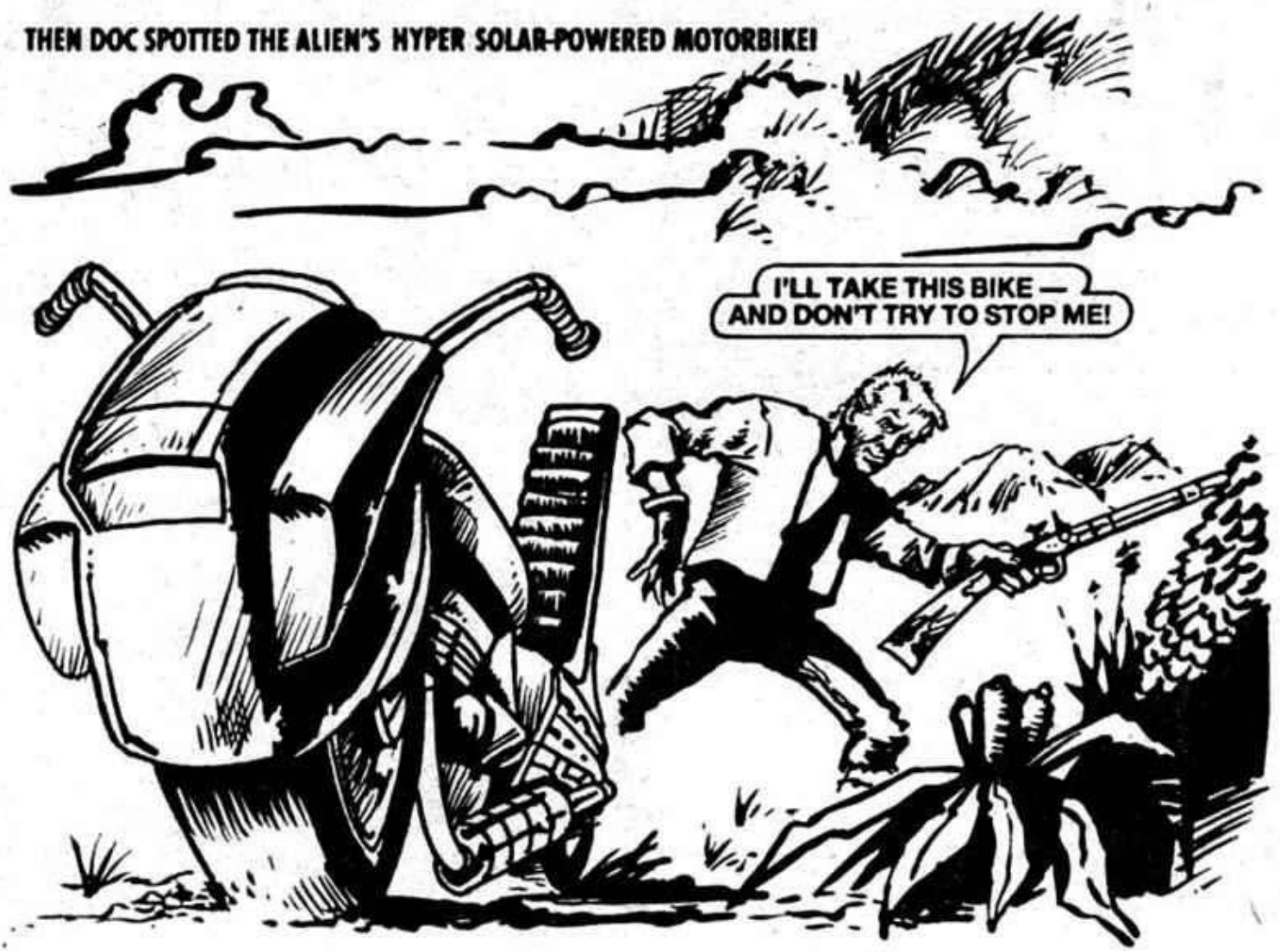

DOC WAS OUT OF LUCK! THE GROTHS TRAINED THEIR MOUNTS TO KILL ANY STRANGERS WHO TRIED TO RIDE THEM . . .
HEY! SO YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, EH?
GROWL!
MEET MY HEAD!
BOK!

AFTER LANDING AT THE BASE OF A HILL, THE ALIENS BEGAN TO UNLOAD THEIR EQUIPMENT . . .
WE WILL TAKE SOME MINERAL SAMPLES.
THESE WILD FLOWERS ARE MAGNIFICENT!

DOC WAS STILL CONVINCED THE SHUTTLE CRAFT HAD COME FROM EARTH TO RESCUE HIM . . .
IF YOU LOT ARE GOING TO APOLOGISE FOR DUMPING ME ON THIS . . .

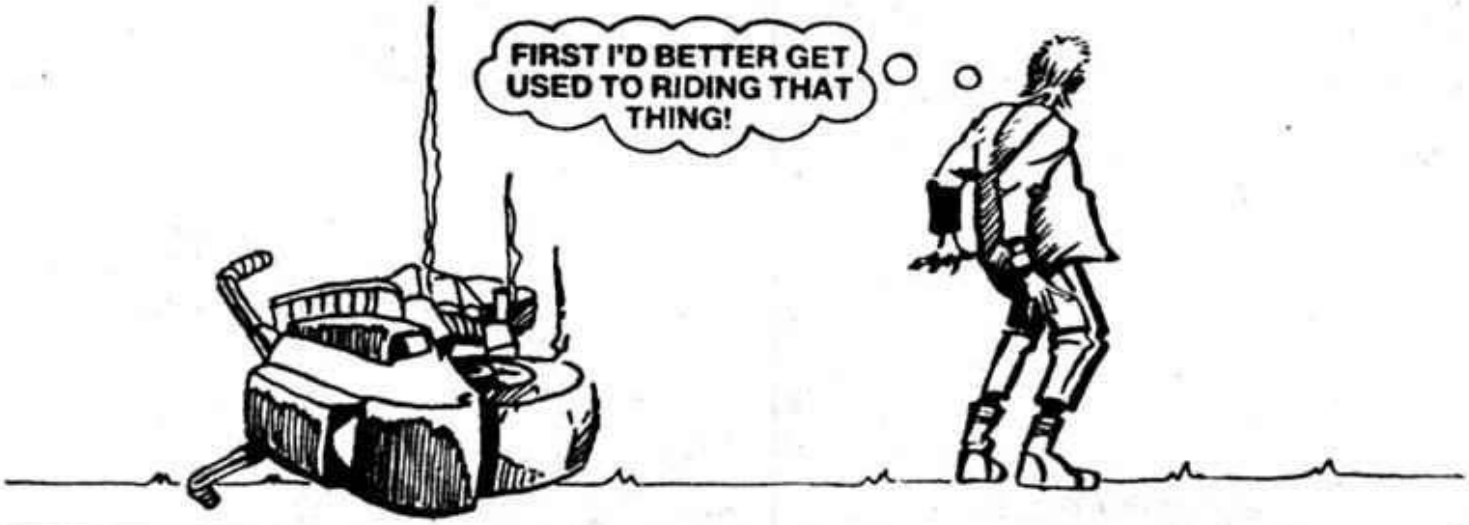
WHAT THE . . . !!?!!
ALIENS!

THE ALIENS TRIED TO EXPLAIN THEY MEANT NO HARM. THEY WERE FROM THE GALACTIC PEACE PARTY — AN ORGANISATION DEVOTED TO NON-AGGRESSION.
DO NOT BE ALARMED! WE HAVE NO WEAPONS!
DON'T BE ALARMED? YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING AFTER A BAD NIGHT IN THE PUB.


THEN DOC SPOTTED THE ALIEN'S HYPER SOLAR-POWERED MOTORBIKE!
I'LL TAKE THIS BIKE — AND DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!

NOW HOW DOES THIS THING WORK?
LET'S RUSH HIM, KA-DEL!
ALL RIGHT!
AT THAT MOMENT DOC PRESSED THE RIGHT BUTTON AND THE BIKE ROARED OFF —
YAAA-HOOO!
TOO LATE!
DOC WAS IN HIS ELEMENT. HE HAD A FAST BIKE AND A RIFLE! NOW HE WAS INVINCIBLE . . .
FIRST I'LL DEAL WITH THOSE PINHEADS WHO ZAPPED ME!

WELL, *ALMOST* INVINCIBLE!
AAAGGGHHH!


FIRST I'D BETTER GET USED TO RIDING THAT THING!

SOME DISTANCE AWAY THE GROTHS WERE HOLDING A WAR COUNCIL . . .
OUR WAR PARTY WAS FRIGHTENED BY AN OBJECT IN THE SKY AND LOST THEIR PRISONER! WHAT ARE WE COMING TO WHEN OUR WARRIORS ACT LIKE WOMEN?

WE MUST LAUNCH A FINAL ATTACK AND WIPE OUT THE PRIMITIVES ONCE AND FOR ALL!
GRARTH IS RIGHT! ONLY THEN CAN OUR HONOUR BE RESTORED TO US!

WE RIDE AT FIRST LIGHT! BUT TONIGHT WE WILL DRINK TO THE SACRED SPIRIT AND CELEBRATE THE BATTLE TO COME!

DOC WAS ALSO CELEBRATING. AFTER SEVERAL BONE-JARRING HOURS HE HAD FINALLY MASTERED THE BIKE . . .
IF ONLY MY OLD GANG COULD SEE ME NOW!
AS THE GROUND DROPPED AWAY BENEATH HIM, DOC REALISED THAT MASTERING THE BIKE WAS ONLY HALF THE BATTLE . . .
NOW ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS MASTER THE ART OF FLIGHT!

AS DAWN BROKE —
IT IS THE CHOSEN ONE!
HE IS PROBABLY RESTING AFTER HIS BATTLE WITH THE GROTHS. WE'D BETER NOT DISTURB HIM.

HE LIES ON THE HARD GROUND . . . THAT IS NOT GOOD FOR A CHOSEN ONE.
YOU'RE RIGHT! HE DESERVES A COMFORTABLE BED.

WHICH IS HOW THE CONCUSSED DOC CAME TO END UP ON A BED OF LEAVES. FORTUNATELY HIS SKULL WAS THICK AND HE REQUIRED LITTLE IN THE WAY OF MEDICAL TREATMENT.
HE WILL NEED SOME FOOD AND DRINK WHEN HE AWAKES!
HE IS UGLY!
HUSH! THAT IS NO WAY TO TALK ABOUT THE CHOSEN ONE WHO HAS DESTROYED THE GROTHS!

JUST THEN . . .
THE GROTHS ARE COMING! A FULL WAR PARTY! WE ARE DOOMED! WAKE THE CHOSEN ONE!

BY THE THREE MOONS, HE SLEEPS SOUNDLY!
GET HIM OUTSIDE!

THEY PLACED THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS DOC ON HIS BIKE.
QUICKLY! WE MUST FLEE! THE CHOSEN ONE WILL DEAL WITH THE GROTHS!
HE SENSES THE DANGER — YET HE SLEEPS TO THE LAST MOMENT TO REFRESH HIS STRENGTH! THE GODS DID WELL WHEN THEY PICKED THIS ONE!

WHA-WHAT HAPPENED? ONE MINUTE I'M ZIPPING ACROSS THIS STUPID PLANET AND THE NEXT . . .

IT IS THE STRANGER!
UH-OH!

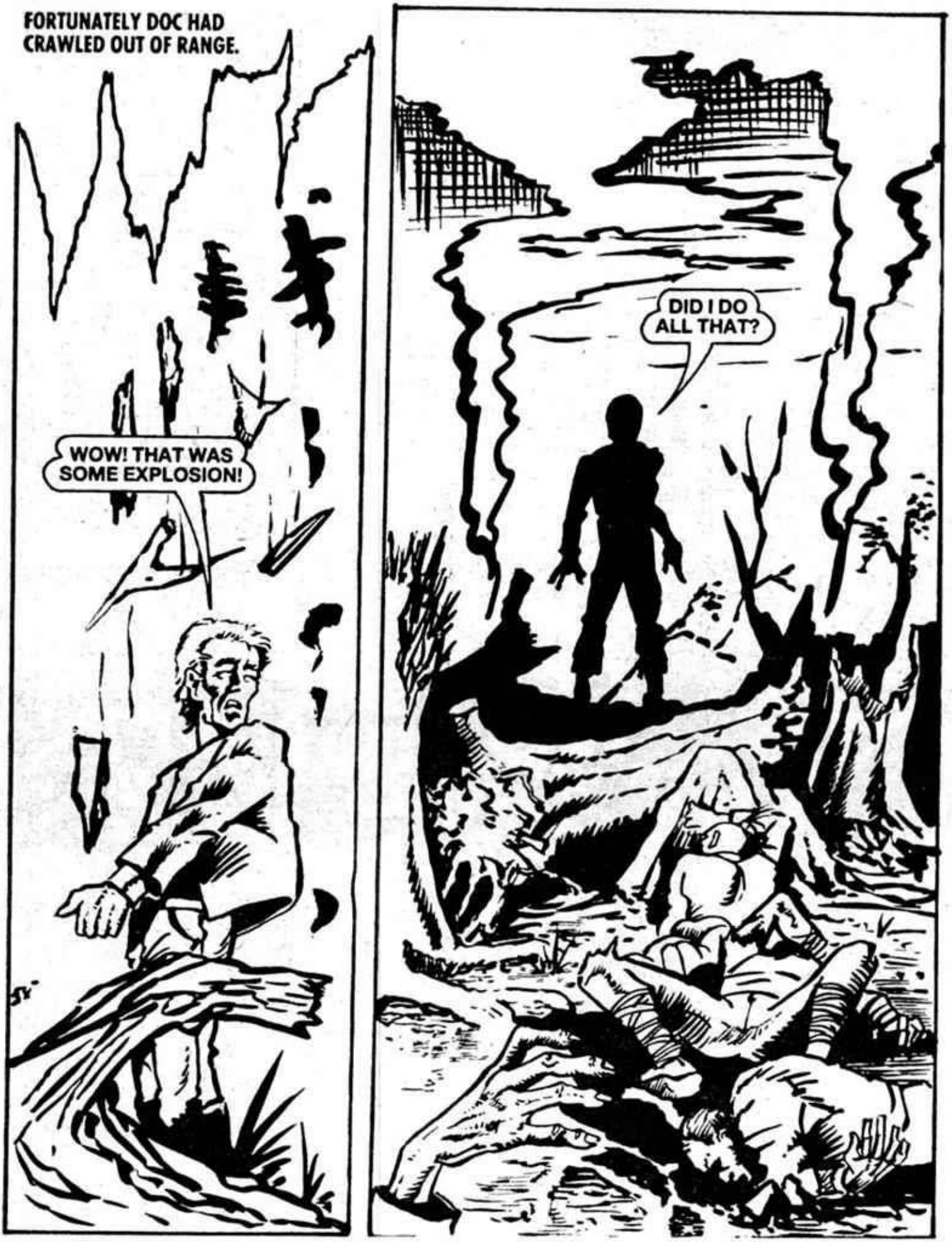
NORMALLY DOC WAS NOT NOTED FOR HIS QUICK THINKING — BUT THIS TIME HE REACTED FROM PURE INSTINCT.
LOOK OUT!
I'M OUTNUMBERED! TIME I WASN'T HERE!
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE MY DAY!

DOC SAW A FOREST LOOMING UP BEFORE HIM.
I'LL LOSE THEM IN THOSE TREES!

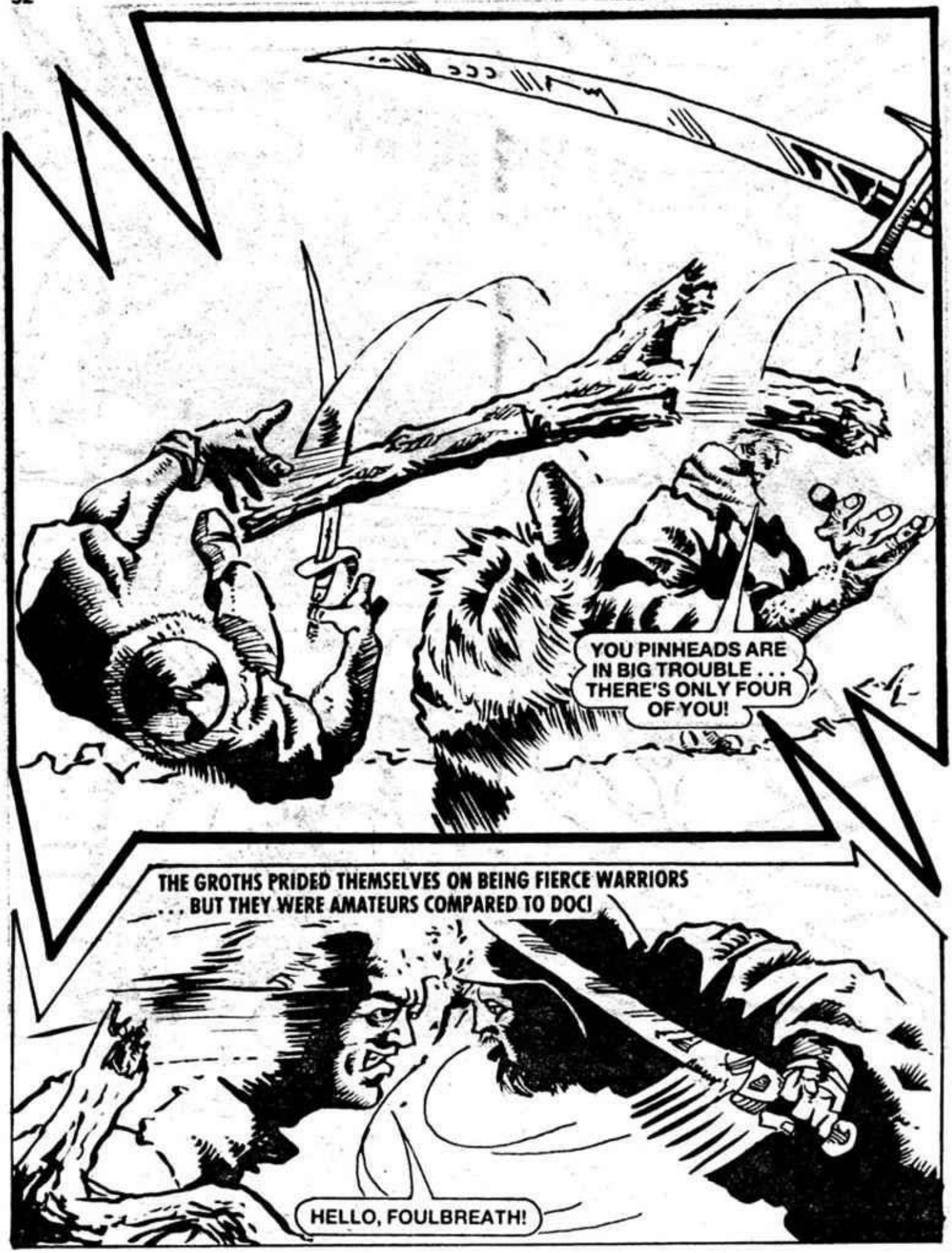
I'LL FIGHT YOU WHEN I'M GOOD AND READY . . . AND WHEN THERE AREN'T SO MANY OF YOU!
UH-OH!

AAAAGGGHHH!
THE GROTHS ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES LATER — AND THEY WERE IN AN UGLY MOOD.
IT IS THE STRANGER'S MACHINE!
DESTROY IT! ON FOOT HE WILL BE AT OUR MERCY!

DEATH TO THE STRANGER — AND ALL THOSE WHO OPPOSE THE GROTHS!
HIS BLOOD WILL FLOW AS THE JUICES FLOW FROM THIS MACHINE!
THE "JUICES" WERE DELICATE CHEMICALS WHICH ABSORBED SOLAR ENERGY AND GAVE THE BIKE THE POWER OF A TINY NUCLEAR REACTOR. CHEMICALS WHICH BECAME UNSTABLE WHEN BRUTE FORCE WAS APPLIED . . .
KABOOM!!

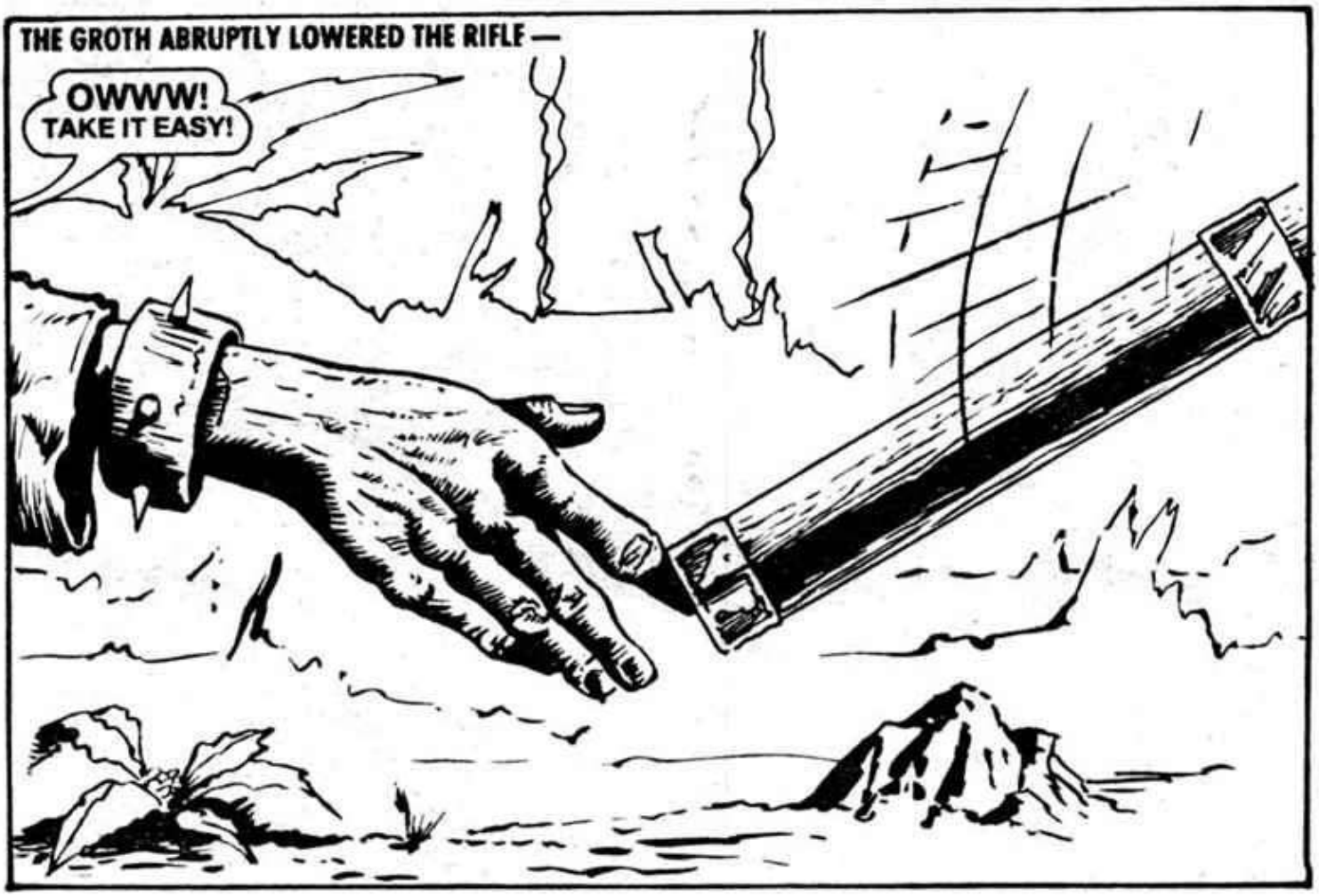

FORTUNATELY DOC HAD CRAWLED OUT OF RANGE.
WOW! THAT WAS SOME EXPLOSION!
DID I DO ALL THAT?

BUT NOT ALL THE GROTHS WERE DEAD . . .
THERE HE IS!
MORE . . . AND WANTING A FIGHT!


YOU PINHEADS ARE IN BIG TROUBLE . . . THERE'S ONLY FOUR OF YOU!
THE GROTHS PRIDED THEMSELVES ON BEING FIERCE WARRIORS . . . BUT THEY WERE AMATEURS COMPARED TO DOC!
HELLO, FOULBREATH!

TROUBLE . . .
DON'T MOVE!
DOC SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL OF A PRIMITIVE RIFLE . . .
DIE, STRANGER!
IS THIS THE END?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU PULL THE TRIGGER . . . DO YOU?


THE GROTH ABRUPTLY LOWERED THE RIFLE —
OWWW! TAKE IT EASY!

A SUDDEN WEARINESS CAME OVER DOC.
I'M TIRED FIGHTING . . . IT'S SO POINTLESS. CAN'T WE HAVE A PEACE?
SO MANY OF MY PEOPLE ARE DEAD.

YEAH! IT WAS THE BIKE BLOWING UP! I NEVER KILLED ANYBODY. FOUGHT, YEAH, BUT KILLING . . . NEVER.
WAS THIS REALLY DOC SPEAKING? PERHAPS THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD WAS MORE SERIOUS THAN HE REALISED.

COME OUT . . . YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR!
LOOK . . . I LAY DOWN MY WEAPON.

SO YOU AGREE TO STOP ATTACKING THE PRIMITIVES AND HELP THEM?
I DO . . . AND WHAT OF YOU?
I COULD SETTLE DOWN HERE!

THE PRIMITIVES WERE OVERJOYED THAT DOC WAS STAYING—
IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE LEADER BE HONOURED IN THE ANCIENT RUNE WRITINGS.

CAN YOU DO THIS?
IT SHALL BE DONE.

THE ALIEN CRAFT HAD LEFT . . . THE PLANET WAS TOO VIOLENT. DOC MARTIN, WITH NOBODY TO FIGHT, FORSOOK VIOLENCE FOR PEACE.
THIS IS THE LIFE . . .
BUT IT WAS A PEACE ABOUT TO BE SHATTERED. A COLONY PROBE FROM EARTH WAS FAST APPROACHING.
PROBE

NEWS OF THE OBJECT IN THE SKY WAS BROUGHT TO DOC.
BLOOMIN' INTERFERING GITS! MAYBE THEY'LL GO AWAY.

BUT DOC'S HOPES WERE DASHED—
DASH! LIE LOW . . . MAYBE THEY'LL FIND NOTHING OF INTEREST.

THE PROBE SETTLED—
THIS PLANET HAS NOTHING OF INTEREST . . .
. . . BUT IN THE NAME OF THE GOVERNMENT OF EARTH THIS PLANET IS CLAIMED AS CROWN PROPERTY.
GRAAAH!

THAT'LL BE CHOCOLATE!

IN SPACE CONTROL, LUTON, THE PROBE'S LANDING WAS BEING TRANSMITTED LIVE TO AN ENTHRALLED NATION.
. . . THIS IS THE FIRST EVER LIVE TRANSMISSION FROM THIS PLANET. HERE YOU SEE THE LIFELESS DESERT, SCARRED BY SUN AND RAIN. SCRUBBED CLEAN OF LIFE . . .

IT'S JUST AS WELL DOC DIDN'T HEAR THE COMMENTARY . . . HE WAS FAR FROM LIFELESS.
LEAVE . . . ME . . . ALONE!
BOK!
MISSION CONTROL, LUTON WAS IN TURMOIL.
EARTHQUAKE! ABANDON PLANET — LEAVE WITH PROMPTITUDE! TOO DANGEROUS!

DOC WAS THROWN ASIDE AS THE PANIC-STRICKEN SPACE CONTROL PULLED OUT THE PROBE.
AN ENTHRALLED NATION WATCHED.
AND AS THE PROBE DEPARTS, WE'LL LEAVE YOU WITH THESE DRAMATIC PICTURES . . . LIVE!

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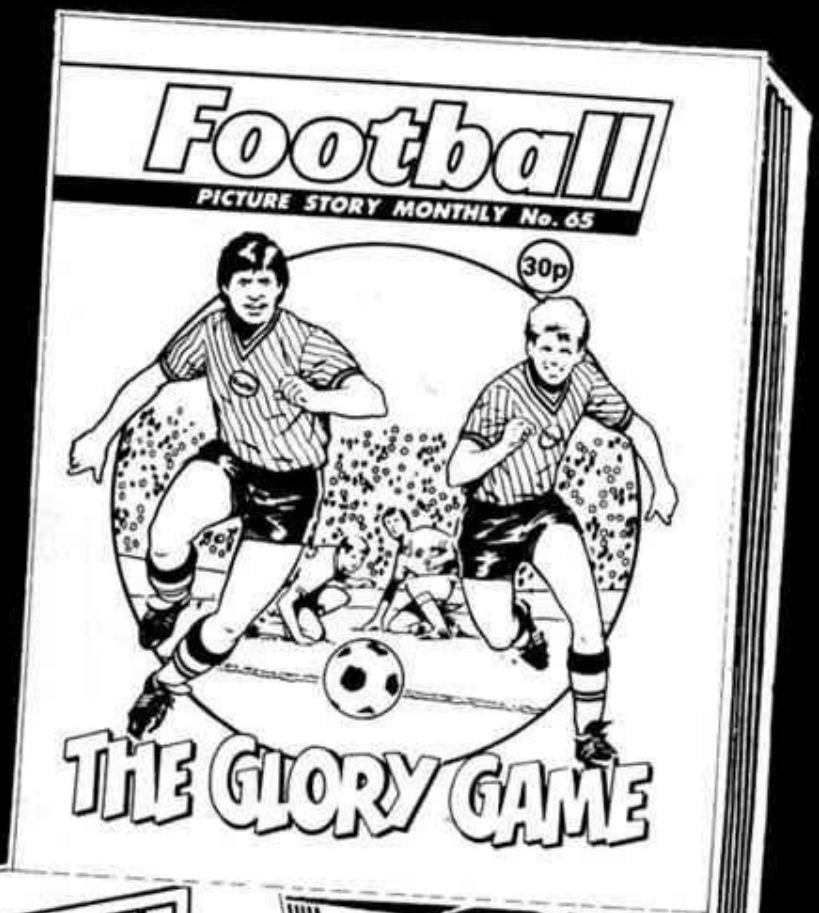
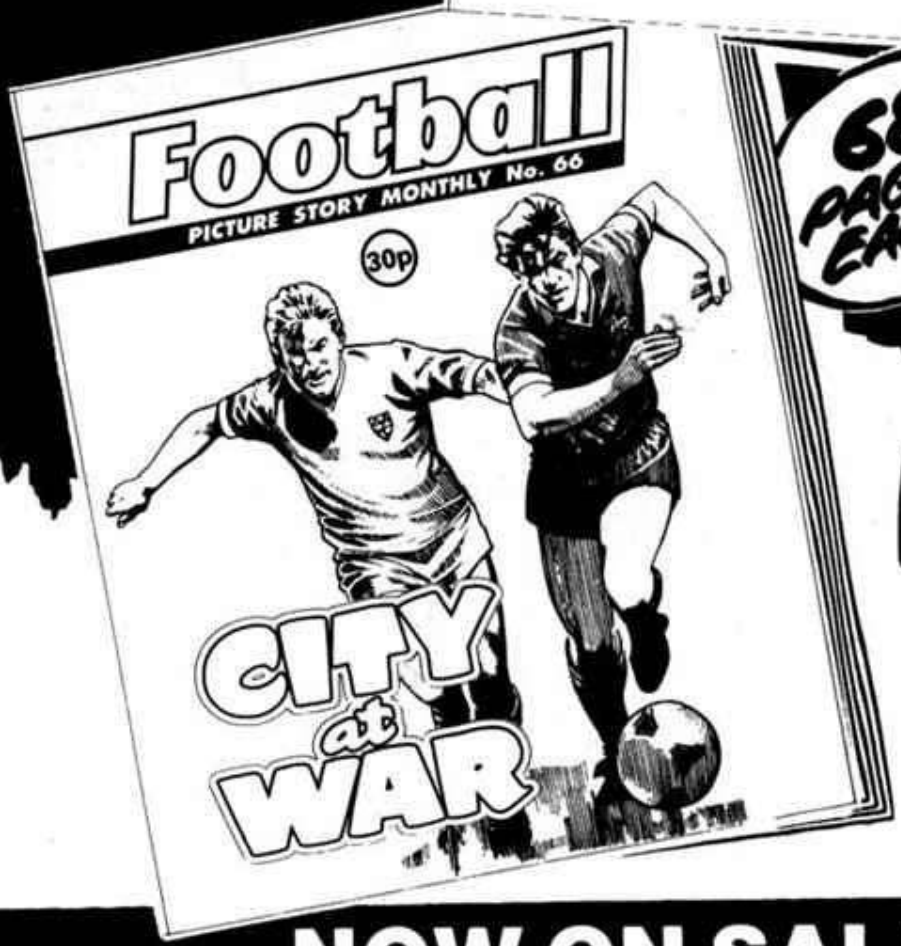
IF YOU'RE A FOOTBALL FAN, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THESE!





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TIME SLIP

Lindsay "Doc" Martin was kingpin of a gang in 26th century London. Mindless violence was their trademark. But finally the courts had taken enough, and Doc Martin was sentenced . . . to a planet far away, where his talent for trouble could be put to good use.